



HOG WASH

BOOK TWELVE

Photo Stories
by
David G. Seibold

HOG WASH
Book Twelve

A series of photographic stories

By David G. Seibold

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like thank my wife, Shari Seibold (shariseibold.us), for all of her encouragement and patience.

Hog Wash is an ongoing series. This is book twelve which means, follow me now, there were eleven before it. Currently, photos and stories are going into book thirty-four. So, there is a bunch and I probably won't be around long enough to publish all of them whatever all of them turns out to be. I've slowed down a bit on the stories due to time. I generate material for a book about every 50-90 days.

Full resolution photos used in this book can be found at davidseibold.us.

Disclaimer: Almost none of the stories in this book are true. Every once in awhile, I'll slip up and include something that is true, but, I would take everything with a grain of salt. As you read this book, keep in mind that I have made an attempt to include something for everyone. Some folks are always looking for errors. So, if you find any, please remember that they are there for a reason.

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Cable Guy



Not everyone has cable, but, in our neighborhood, when we have problems, they don't just send anyone out for repairs. This guy works real cheap; like, for nuts! The only drawback, sometimes he creates more problems than solutions. He seems to like chewing on insulation.

Bakersfield, California 2015

Entrepreneur



Parrot: "One cracker, one photo. Move it along. Move it along. I don't have all day. You don't have a cracker? Oh, I'm so sorry. Get out of line! Next. Let's go, folks. I have nut bingo in one hour."

Santa Barbara Zoo, Santa Barbara, California 2015

Rex



I'll be real honest. I did not expect to see a dinosaur at the zoo. Let alone one that was mobile, interacting with the crowd and not eating anyone. Rex created a lot of smiling faces that day.

Santa Barbara Zoo, Santa Barbara, California 2015

Vesuvio



Herb Caen used to hang out with the local Homo Beatnikus in this area. In fact, Caen and Jack Kerouac spent some time throwing back drinks one night when Kerouac was supposed to meet with Henry Miller in Big Sur. Kerouac didn't make it to Big Sur that night. I'm not sure whether Caen got a column out of the night or not.

Characters:

Herb Caen, journalist

Jack Kerouac, novelist and poet

Henry Miller, writer

(The story above is false except for the names. But, it could have happened!)

San Francisco, California 2015

Fresh



Slant the Streetlight is a practical joker. His favorite prank is to pilfer his neighbor's laundry and hang it outside her room. Slant's neighbor has wised up to his shenanigans and usually immediately finds her laundry. Slant will have to come up with a new plan for giggles.

San Francisco, California 2015

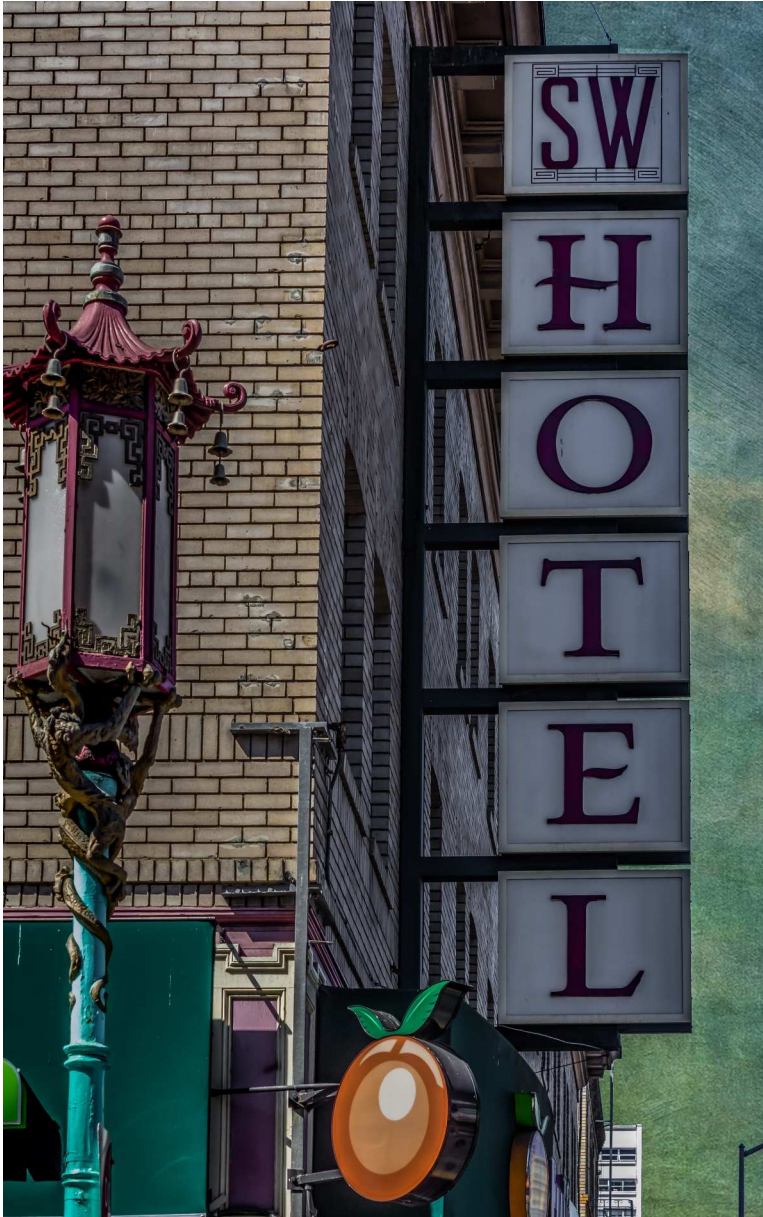
Unwanted



Roving gangs of feral cats have become an issue in downtown businesses. They almost always enter establishments from an alley entrance. Once inside, they can be quite boisterous and abusive to shop owners and customers. Business owners have taken to trying to limit access by installing locked security doors and always have a stash of catnip on hand just in case.

Chinatown, San Francisco, California
2015

Enamored



Sunshine Woo loves North Beach and Chinatown. He eventually opened a hotel in the area so he could be near both parts of town. To help finance the hotel, Sunshine does private investigative work. Currently he's working on the case of the missing tangerine sign. He hopes to solve the mystery soon.

The above is fictitious.

San Francisco, California 2015

Moulin Rouge



Ben convinced his landlord to install mosquito netting around his apartment balcony. Well, it wasn't long before other tenants wanted the same thing. The netting looks a little tacky, but, nobody complains about getting bit by the ferocious bay mosquito anymore and the landlord can scratch one less complaint off his list.

The above story is fictional. Ben really wanted a way to keep his shuttlecocks from falling to the street. Ben loves balcony badminton!

San Francisco, California 2015

Running Back



Jean-Louis played American football. He was good enough to be offered scholarships to Boston College, Notre Dame and Columbia University. He decided on Columbia University where he promptly broke a leg in his freshman year. The next year, he argued a lot with the coach who kept Jean-Louis benched most of the time.

Well, naturally, Jean-Louis didn't like sitting on the bench, so, he quit school and started hanging out with the likes of Allen Ginsberg, Neal Cassady, John Clellon Holmes, Herbert Huncke and William S. Burroughs.

Jean-Louis wrote first novel, *The Sea Is My Brother*, in 1942. He thought it was a "crock of shit" and didn't pursue publishing it. The book was eventually published in 2011 some 42 years after Jean-Louis' death and 70 years after he had written it.

San Francisco, California 2015

Translation



After wandering aimlessly for the last four hours, Robert finally saw a sign he could read. 热狗, 卫生间, 大通银行 and 墨西哥菜 meant nothing to him.

San Francisco, California 2015

Tones



Lee Ching always felt there was a correlation between the corner ringing bells and this particular sign. He just couldn't pin it down. It wasn't until this very moment that it dawned on Lee what the bell tones meant as he read the sign subtitles. You can image how useful this information became for Lee since he was a master baiter on a fishing boat and there were all kinds of bells and horns sounding on the bay.

San Francisco, California 2015

Watchers



Antique neon signs are disappearing, Local law enforcement has Ben and Jerry watching this sign 24/7. So, far, nothing has taken place, but, Ben and Jerry have only been on the stakeout for six years. Give it a little time.

The above story is fictitious. Although, it is kind of odd that since Ben and Jerry were assigned to watch, no signs have been stolen except on the hand full of days that the Captain made Ben and Jerry take days off. I'm not implying anything, but, Ben and Jerry do collect neon signs as a hobby. Legitimately, of course.

San Francisco, California 2015

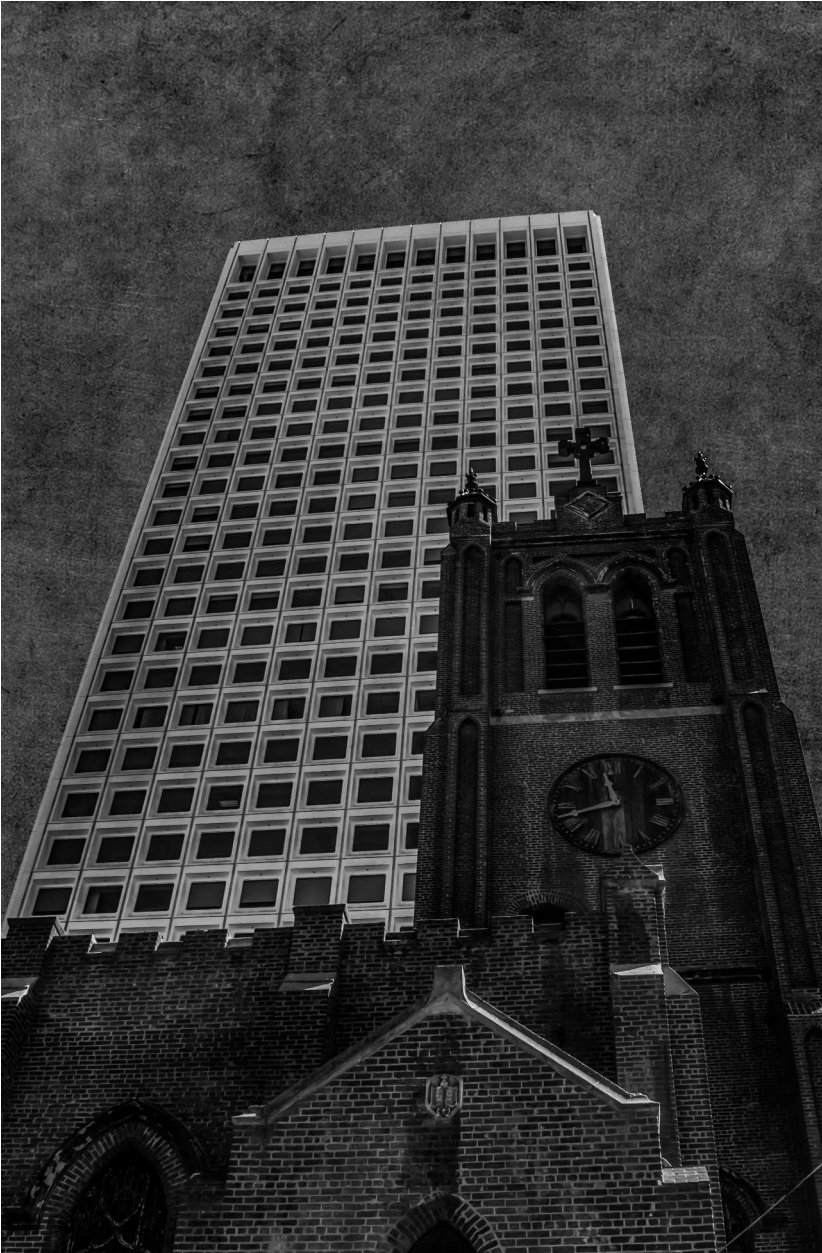
Party On The Roof



Louie lives in the middle on the top floor. His rent is quite a bit lower than the apartments on either side of him because he doesn't have access to the roof like the other tenants. Louie doesn't really care about roof access except when the weekly roof party occurs which he wasn't aware of when he signed his lease.

San Francisco, California 2015

Bounce One More Time



Kiley was really despondent. So much so, that he hurled himself off the taller building. Little did Kiley know that the parishoners of the church below had erected a trampoline on the roof of the church. Well, Kiley hit that trampoline and it shot him into the bay which cushioned his landing somewhat. All the people on boats in the bay thought it was some kind of stunt and applauded. Once Kiley recovered and heard about all the praise for his flight, he decided that he could live with that and began a regular routine of jumping onto the trampoline. Eventually, the trampoline was removed from the church roof and Kiley succeeded where he had originally failed. Sad!

San Francisco, California 2015

B Sharp (B/W)



Way before rock climbing became a popular activity, the residents of this building scaled these brick protrusions to enter and exit their apartments. It really kept home invasions to a minimum. The residents all thought it was great fun until Roscoe's dementia set in and he thought he was Sir Elton John. Gotta have a piano, you know!

San Francisco, California 2015

Big City



Billy Twocandoit was so excited to be in the city for the first time. He had heard so many wonderful stories from his friends and, now, he was going to get to experience everything first hand. Billy thought he would start exploring in Chinatown first. The very first business Billy stumbled on was a market and they had some funny-looking things hanging in the window. As Billy edged closer to the window, he suddenly realized the shapes looked familiar. Birds without feathers and no heads! That ended Billy's sightseeing adventure and he flew back to Tucanbuckland.

(The above account is, of course, fictional. The chickens in the window still had their heads. This is a composite because Billy didn't have a cell phone.)

San Francisco, California 2015

The Point



It is a little know fact that the migration path for Chinese chickens is directly over this pointy building. So, several times a day, shop owners send a chicken unsticker up the outside of the building to gather chickens stuck to the point. These are the chickens you see hanging in the shop windows.

(everything above is a fabrication)

Chinatown, San Francisco, California 2015

Suspension



Few people know the real reason the bridge was built. Just to piss off Southern Pacific Railroad and their lucrative ferry boat business. That's it.

The above story is fictitious. Maybe not completely.

San Francisco, California 2015

Sunset Swim



Clem was out for his normal evening swim when he noticed there were an unusual number of walkers. The walkers seemed to be making gross guttural noises and their giddy ups were full of quirky hitches and foot dragging. Clem decided he would risk some wrinkled, waterlogged skin and stay right where he was for awhile. Maybe the wereninjas would take care of them.

Sutro Baths, San Francisco, California 2015

Moving Forward



This is exactly why Astig M. Atism built his home on the beach. He loved watching airplanes fly across the sky at sunset. As a former pilot, Astig gets great satisfaction watching. It's been a couple of years since Astig flew and he is quite amazed that today's jets no longer leave contrails or roaring sounds. Progress in aviation is amazing! Astig figures it is probably a good thing he retired before his eyesight got any worse than it is, but, he sure misses it.

Sweets (B/W)



This is where Lutris the Sea Otter hangs out when he isn't out cracking clams or slurping abalones. Lutris is a big deal around these parts because he walks on land and can carry on an intelligent conversation about breakfast sandwiches. Of course, Lutris' barks are kind of difficult to interpret, but, most people just figure he knows what he's talking about. Besides, his small round face is absolutely adorable. Most of the time, Lutris is very amicable. However, once in awhile, Lutris will get into a scuffle with a commercial fisherman and, generally, both parties wind up spending the night in the pokey!

Pacifica, California 2015

Stretch



Rebecca's morning routine is always the same. Wake up, open the window and stretch. That's why there are 432 temporary chairs set up below her window. Better than caffeine!

Bakersfield, California 2015

Travel Preparations



I'm not a motorcycle rider because I need more than two points of contact with the ground and I really don't care for making my head the third point. I know a lot of riders and they always tell me there are certain things to keep in mind when on the road. Here's a partial list:

Carry a spare key.

Check your bike carefully every morning on the road.

Eat at weird times. Everyone else eats at 8 a.m., noon and 6 p.m.

Pack extra bungees and zip-ties.

Stash a little hidden cash on your bike or yourself so you can make something happen if you need to.

Now, you will notice that the bike in this photo is carrying one extra item. A bomb! He must know something.

Reyes Creek Bar & Grill, Ventura County, California 2015

Shake, Rattle and Roll



Looking around these mountains, it doesn't appear like anyone lives in them. But, on Saturday nights, they come out of the surrounding trees and party!

Reyes Creek Bar & Grill, Ventura County, California 2015

Not Looking For Friendship



Tucked away in the mining hills of Cuyama Valley, Liam Horton enjoys his privacy. Liam has lived here for over 60 years. He's buried 25 neighbors. Liam likes his privacy.

The above story is hog wash. Liam didn't bury anyone. He leaves his kills outside for the varmints.

Camp Sheideck, Ventura County, California
2015

Mountain Life



Barney is real proud of his bathroom addition. It beats peeing off the deck!

Camp Sheideck, Ventura County, California 2015

Mend Your Ways



The wives were out of town, so, the guys drive an hour and a half to get a burger and a beer. There wasn't much question as to whether the beer would be good. A friend of mine told me about a bar called Reyes Creek Bar & Grill located in the boonies off Hwy 33 in Ventura County, California. So, my brother-in-law and I took a drive. We had a five hour window to make the trip. That meant three hours on the road and two hours at the location.

The wives had the GPS with them, so, we were left doing visual routing. Amazingly, we found Lockwood Road off of Hwy 33 and then a sign for the Bar and Grill. Two creek crossings later, we found our destination. What a pleasant surprise. Bikers all over the place. That's a good sign! We looked at the first come, first serve dry campground and then headed for the grill. Rustic to say the least, which is another good sign. No cell reception in the area, but, believe it or not, wifi! One of the best hamburgers I've ever had.

The road ends at the campground which is adjacent to the bar and grill, so, there is only one way in/out unless you are hiking and the road is narrow; someone is going to have to back up! There are maybe nine permanent residents in Camp Scheideck. A few rustic-looking buildings like the chapel shown in the photo dot the area. Another surprise was the fact that they have a music festival each year, at least up to 2014.

Camp Scheideck, Ventura, California 2015

1942



This sign was originally used by the Chinese Village Cafe around 1942. Later, in 1951, the Far East Cafe took over the building and the sign was modified for the new occupant. The Far East Cafe is now gone and at the present, the sign resides in the Kern County Museum to the delight of photographers. We were out with our daughter and granddaughter for a safe Halloween hosted at the museum. I don't think I trampled any kids, but, I can't be sure. Most of the time I was looking up.

Kern County Museum, Bakersfield,
California 2015



Jim started off as a baker. He had an electric oven. He much preferred gas, but, he had what he had. One day, his oven quit working. Jim started fiddling with the oven and eventually shocked the crap out of himself. He actually got hung up and couldn't let go.

Fortunately, Jim's apprentice was familiar with the 2x4-to-the-body technique to get someone off a live circuit. It took the apprentice a couple of tries, but, the last head shot knocked Jim off the circuit. When Jim woke up, he had a terrific headache, but, the oven was working. Jim thought he was an electrician, so, he baked in the back and electrified in the front.

The above story is hog wash. Jim's apprentice knew nothing about getting someone off a live circuit. He was beating poor Jim because he wanted to do the baking.

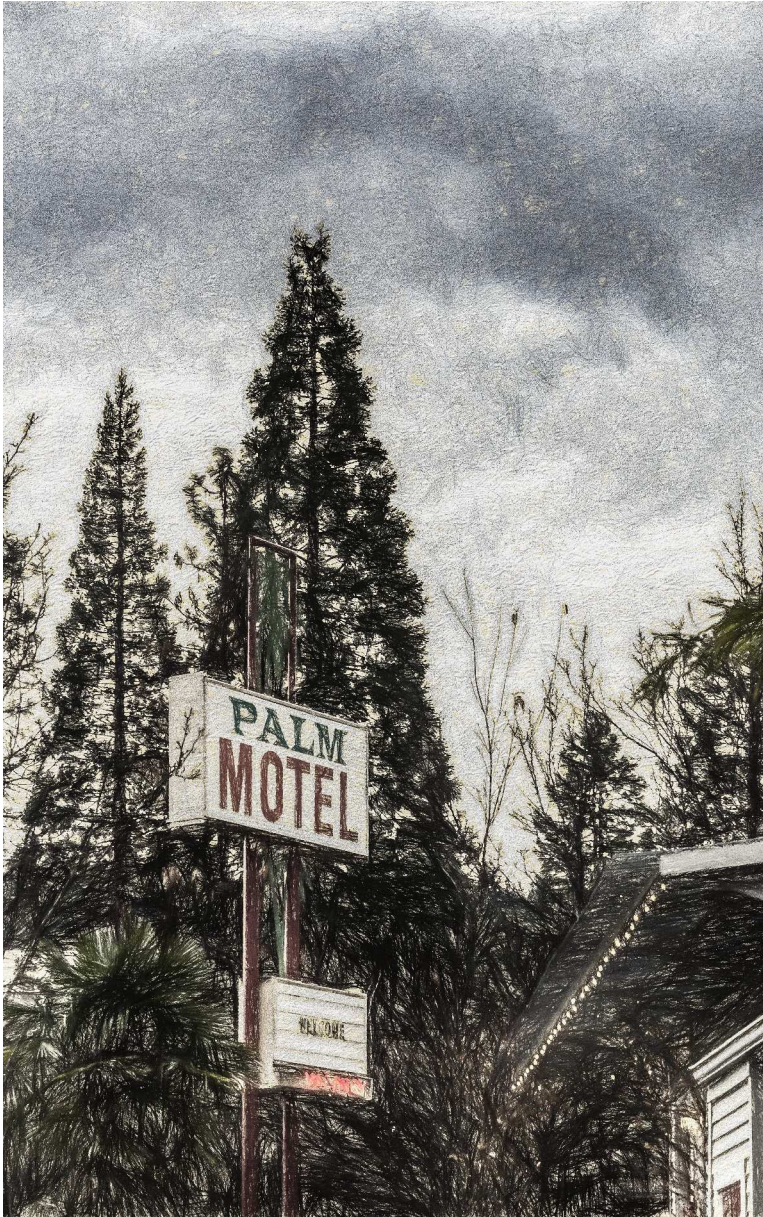
Caldera (B/W)



Shari and I took a little 577 mile drive today and landed in Ashland, Oregon. It was hairy. We're from Bakersfield, California where the closest thing to rain we get is when someone spits. We hit rain about Lodi, California, got into slush and a little snow just south of Mount Shasta City and rain thereafter. The rain was intense at times and with 18-wheelers spraying the road, scary. Vertical and horizontal wetness. The last three hours was in the dark which wasn't too bad in California, but, in Oregon they evidently don't believe in reflectors on windy mountain interstates.

By the time we got to Ashland, we were ready for food and a beer. Naturally, there was a holiday special on cases of 24 ounce locally brewed beer called Vas Deferens. One case will ride with us to Eugene, Oregon where it will be delivered to our youngest daughter, @brooklynseibold, for either drinking or safe keeping while we wander on up to Washington.

Palm Motel (p)



Probably the best wifi connection we have ever had at a motel or hotel.

Ashland, Oregon 2015

Culture



It's a little known fact that the Shasta people (or Chasta, Shasty or Sasti) were huge Shakespeare fans. So, when the white folk showed up to prospect for gold, the Shasta people saw a great opportunity to siphon off a little gold and established a Shakespeare festival. Well, the festival took off and has become an annual international event.

Everything above is fictitious except the part about the Shakespeare festival being an international event.



Ötzi the Iceman was really into ink. He started back in 3380 B.C. with a design that looked similar to a bat. It turns out Ötzi had a run in with a vampire in 3381 B.C. and considers himself lucky to still be "undead". From that point on, he named every ink shop he had "Lucky". He now has quite a franchise all around the world and invites everyone to come in for some needle work. 20% discount if you mention the term, "Bite Me".

Oregon City, Oregon 2015

The Bat Cave



Shari and I made it to Eugene, Oregon to deliver furniture and beer to our youngest, Brooklyn. The trip from Ashland, Oregon was uneventful other than a few pit stops at some of the most beautiful rest stops I've had an opportunity to remove bodily wastes at. Our next goal was to reach the Portland area so we can hit the city in the morning and then move up to Washington.

We wound up stopping in Oregon City for dinner and bedding down in South Portland. Oregon City was interesting for the brief amount of time we were there. The town was built on hills and there is an elevator that moves people from the river level to the next level. The elevator went into service in 1915. The rich folks living on the bluff weren't too happy. By the way, we found one of Batman's hangouts while in Oregon City.

Oregon City, Oregon 2015

Grist



Shari and I are sitting in a room in Olympia, Washington after driving up from Portland, Oregon. Tomorrow, we will begin an earnest search for areas in Washington that we would be interested in residing.

On the drive up, we stopped at the Cedar Creek Grist Mill in Woodland, Washington. Pretty much the hightight of the day for us. This mill has been in production since 1876. Quite impressive.

Cedar Creek Grist Mill, Woodland, Washington 2015

The Verdict Is



Shari and I did another loop today starting from Olympia, Washington. We went to McIcary, Elma, Satsop, Montesanto, Aberdeen, Hoquain, Raymond and other smaller towns. A little damp as expected.

There is a house in McCleary that would do it for us, but, price is a little more than we have budgeted; maybe. We stopped at a Starbucks in Aberdeen to PEE! Talked to a couple of local women about Aberdeen. They were wanting to get out as quick as they could. Talked to a neighbor of a house we looked at in Aberdeen and he said, "You notice how that one column is leaning..."

Tomorrow, a few more spots in Washington and then we start the Northern coast of Oregon.

Montesano Courthouse, Washington 2015

Wet Cock



Rain doesn't seem to bother this fella. He was standing on the corner directing traffic and answering questions like, "Is the old Masonic Temple really for sale? 6,000 sq. ft.?" We could pack a ton of Ello in that sucker!

Shari and I left the Olympia, Washington area this morning and meandered through Longview, Cathlamet, Frankfort, crossed the Columbia River to Astoria, Oregon and landed in Seaside for the night. The rain continues to pour.

Turns out, @iquitoz is also in Seaside, so, we had a chance to meet Jim and chat a bit. Thoroughly enjoyed his company. Jim has some great stories. I'm pretty sure I spit food and beer a couple of times.

Winlock, Washington 2015

Muddy Waters



There were no blues in the Necanicum River. The land mass of Oregon is a little smaller after weeks of rain. The Pacific Ocean is a little muddy also along the coastline.

Seaside, Oregon 2015



Old Henry Weinhard used to brew beer in the building attached to the neon sign. For 140 years. Which is amazing considering he died at the age of 74.

Shari and I drove Hwy 26 this morning from Seaside, Oregon to Portland. Very little rain; some road flooding just outside of Seaside. We wandered downtown Portland for several hours with no threat of rain. The rain will start again this evening. We made a stop at Elephant's Delicatessen for a bit of soup and browsed the walls of Powell's Bookstore.

Portland, Oregon 2015

Thoroughly Repurposed



Hotel Alma was built in 1911. The hotel was above the street level auto-focused business. After World War II, the building was host to the Club Mecca, the Desert Room, Club Portland, the Silverado and currently, the McMenamins Crystal Hotel.

Portland, Oregon 2015

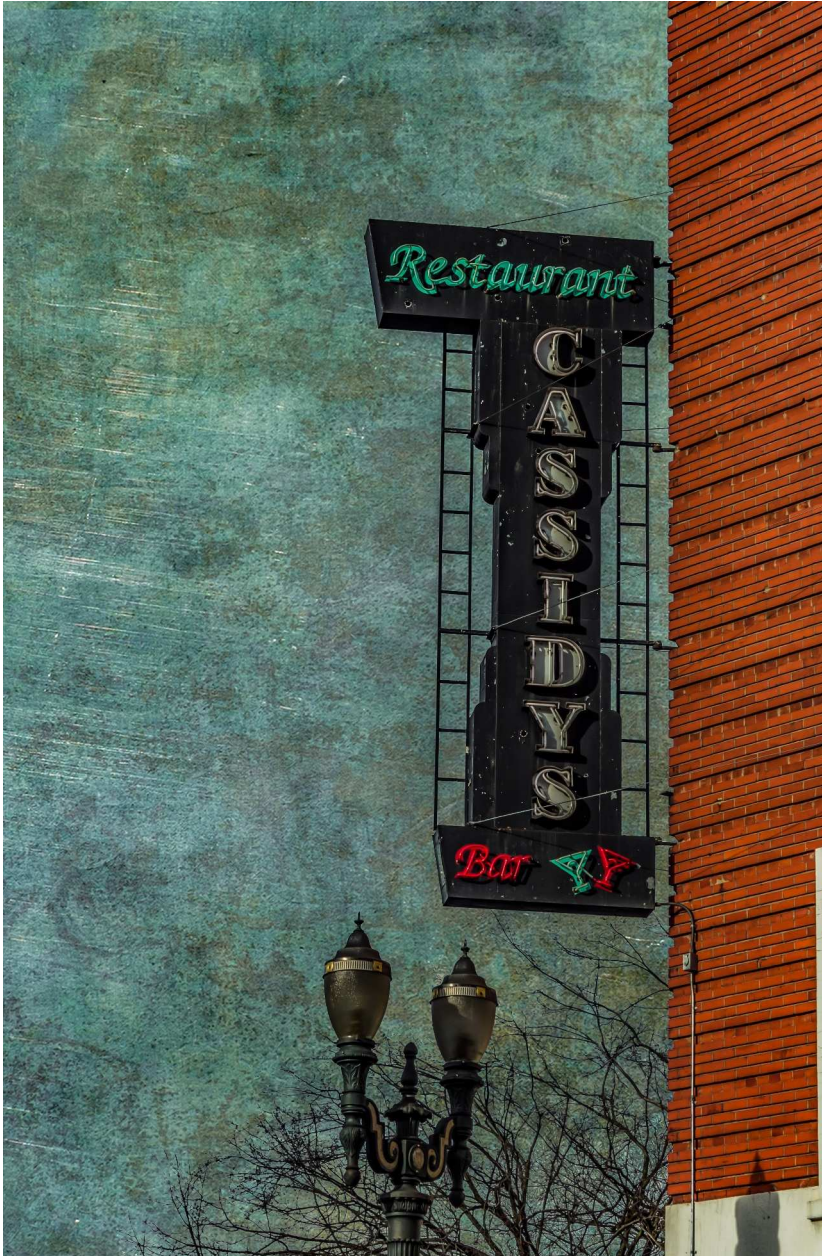
The Sentinel



Isaator Ednoid started working at the Governor Hotel in 1909. At that time, it was called the Seward Hotel. He thought it was going to be a really cool job. He didn't have to do anything except watch the street. Well, after about 30 minutes, Isaator realized the job was going to be pretty boring. There wasn't anything he could do about it, though, because his exclusive contract required his back to be permanently attached to the building. He has seen the hotel change names from Seward to Governor and, currently, the Sentinel Hotel. He's currently negotiating for use of a Go-Pro so he has something to do.

Portland, Oregon 2015

Cassidy



Butch was always thinking ahead. He knew he would eventually be robbing banks and trains and he wanted to look good, so, the first thing he did was break into a clothing store and steal a pair of jeans; and a piece of pie. I have no idea what a piece of pie was doing in a clothing store!

Well, it wasn't long before Butch met up with Sundance and they started a regular robbing business. Within a few years, it seemed like every lawman in the country was chasing them, so, they lit out for Argentina and, eventually, Bolivia where they supposedly were killed in a shootout.

However, it is quite possible Butch made it back to the United States and started a legitimate business in Portland, Oregon.

(The above story is fictitious.)

Portland, Oregon 2015

Of Mice and Owls



They seem harmless enough. They like to catch mice and shred them. The problem is that they get really thirsty after shredding and have a preference for beer. Your beer. Especially, if you are a backwasher. They like the bubbles and the faint hint of pizza or french fries. They particularly like not paying for beer.

Elkhorn Brewery, Eugene, Oregon 2015

Hiccup



This is Fenton Hall on the University of Oregon campus. Normally, the trees stand straight up like they are proud. Shari and I had nothing to do with this. It happened the day before we arrived in Eugene, Oregon.

I know, I know. It seems that every location we have passed through in Washington and Oregon has something terrible happen after we leave; floods, tornadoes, sinkholes, power outages, 30 foot waves, etc. But, in this instance, we had absolutely nothing to do with it and it happened before we arrived! I can not guarantee what will happen when head to California next week, though.

At Ease



Ourano P. Hobia was always nervous looking at the sky. He planted this big leaf maple to try to block the view, but, it wasn't enough. He tried planting ferns in the tree to block the sky, but, it wasn't enough. Eventually, he built this structure and most of the year, with the leaves on the tree and the ferns in the tree, he was comfortable.

Deady Hall, University of Oregon, Eugene, Oregon 2015

Willies (B/W)



Shari and I had dinner at Willies Lebanese Restaurant last night. Our youngest, Brooklyn, served us. That was a first. We met Willie, Chef Walid Saleeby, and a bunch of others. Willie is a lot of fun. The menu is half Lebanese and half Northwest fare. Really good. I would recommend the restaurant. Tell them the Seibolds sent you.

Raging Grannies



We went to the Eugene, Oregon Farmer's Market Holiday version and ran into these ladies singing their hearts out. The Raging Grannies are an international organization trying to inform the public about different issues. They are social justice activists. They dress in stereotypical "granny" attire and sing self-composed lyrics to well known songs. They have been known to be confrontational while spreading their messages.

Today's message was about the climate change accord to correspond with the Paris, France talks.

Eugene, Oregon 2015

Confrontation (B/W)



Carrie showed up with her pet bobcat. Willy showed up with his pet duck. All hell broke loose!

Elk Horn Brewery, Eugene, Oregon 2015

Pretty Birdie



I see people hand-feeding wild birds from time to time. I worked with this fella for a few hours, finally got him to peck from my hand.

Eugene, Oregon 2015

Patience



After a couple of years, Smilodon the Sabre Toothed Tiger, realized his job wasn't as cushy as he thought. He had to stand perfectly still with his mouth open 24/7. His muscles always ached and he had a bad case of dry mouth. The worst part, his contract specifically forbade him from killing visitors. Smilodon gets so mad when some little punk kid yells, "you aren't really related to tigers!"

Hollywood, California 2016

AFTERMATH

Shari and I are really enjoying living in Washington State, USA. We have passed a year and a half of residence and love that there are actually four seasons. The summer months can get a little warmer than we would like and that nasty Sun sometimes pokes it's eye out for more days in a row than we would like, but, that's what air conditioning is for. Vegetation grows really fast in the Pacific Northwest, which, means I spend a lot of time outside whacking on things so we don't get overgrown. Naturally, the outside chores reduce the time I have to work on photos, but, at least for the moment, I can do the outside work. It's all good! By the way, we are having our property surveyed. Maybe, I'll have less stuff to whack outside!

If you are so inclined, hi-res versions of the photos included in the book are available at davidseibold.us.

Thank you so much for taking time to read ***Hog Wash Book Twelve.***

Disclaimer: Remember, almost nothing in this book is true and the mistakes are there for those who like finding them.



